

The Dreamer's Dream.
 With many a furrowed trace of life's
 wind-fretted deep,
 Here lies a common face—an aged man
 asleep.
 Just off the dusty way whereon the sun-
 glare breaks,
 Amid the drowse of day, a casual nap he
 takes.
 Only a poor old man; yet whence, through
 all disguise
 Of years of toil and tan, steal over his
 closed eyes
 These gleams, soft as a kiss, which to the
 face impart
 A beauty and a bliss—the youthtime of
 the heart?
 By magic rays and blest the scars have
 been annealed;
 The waves are all at rest; an inner
 peace revealed,
 That lends each furrowed trace of life's
 wind-fretted deep
 A tender, childlike grace—on this old man
 asleep.

Life's Little Inconsistencies.
 "Yes," said the fashionable doctor,
 as he wrote out a prescription, "you
 have told me your symptoms and I
 see you are troubled with acute ner-
 vousness."

"O!" wailed the fair patient, "every
 little noise makes me jump, every
 time a door creaks I start like a per-
 son in danger. By the way, Dr. Hi-
 charge, I'm going to take my motor
 car out for a spin; I always run the
 machine myself, you know. If you jump
 in I'll leave you right at your door."

Still explaining the sad condition of
 her nerves she drove the auto down
 the avenue at a rattling clip. In and
 out of the tangle of vehicles the jolt-
 ing juggernaut flew at twenty miles
 an hour.

The nervous wreck put on brakes
 and glanced casually at the mounted
 police who were galloping far behind.
 The pale-faced physician gasped.

"Here's your house," said his pa-
 tient sweetly. "I hope your prescrip-
 tion will calm my poor, weak nerves."
 —New York Sun.

Lucky Stones.
 There is an old proverb which
 states that "he who possesses a tur-
 quoise will never lack a friend." Cer-
 tainly from time immemorial the tur-
 quoise has never ceased to be re-
 garded as a lucky stone.

Amulets are much in favor at the
 present moment, and the wearers of
 them are by no means only of the
 feminine community. They are worn
 in all manner of quaint designs. Each
 precious stone is supposed to contain
 some property peculiar to itself. It
 seems hardly credible that people of
 common sense should believe in such
 things, but true it is that amulets are
 at present much in vogue, and, apart
 from their superstitions, they are one
 of the daintiest presents imaginable.
 The emerald is credited with a host
 of god influences, the crysolite is a
 cure for insomnia. But the luckiest
 amulet of all is that containing a tur-
 quoise, whether by reason of its "true
 blue" color or not it is hard to say.

Met Her Match.
 Waggs—I had the laugh on my wife
 yesterday.

Boggs—How did it happen?
 Waggs—We were out driving, and
 she discovered an echo that beat her
 out of the last word.

The Reading (Mass.) man whose
 buildings have been struck by light-
 ning for the sixth time should dig
 under his premises and see if he does
 not strike an iron mine.

Bringing Guatemala ants into the
 country to eat up the boll weevil is
 a form of contract labor immigration
 which should be encouraged.

A Baltimore woman advertised for
 a husband then killed herself. Some
 men's luck never leaves them.

The Sandwich Islander's alphabet
 has only twelve letters.

Some men stop drinking for the
 pleasure of beginning once more.

WAR SPIRIT OF THE JAPS.

Their Fanatical Bravery a Thing to
 Wonder At.

Lieut. Masaki of a Japanese war
 ship writes to his wife: "After all
 there is plenty of luck in battle and a
 fellow of good luck cannot die if he
 wish to. For instance, a shot or ball
 cannot hit a lucky dog like me. On
 the occasion of the fight of Feb. 9
 the only things I had in my bosom
 were the charm you sent me and a
 photograph of Iko (the lieutenant's
 eldest son). During the fight I took
 my post on a barrette and directed
 the fire of the broadsides; but when
 the range had increased I ordered to
 cease firing. Then I took out Iko's
 photograph and turned it face toward
 the scene of the battle, addressing it
 as if it were Iko in person. 'If as a
 result of this war,' I said to it, 'the sit-
 uation of the far east is firmly fixed
 and no war should occur during your
 lifetime, then you might think your-
 self born in vain as an officer's son.
 Therefore you should carefully ob-
 serve this scene even from your pho-
 tograph, so that the sight may inspire
 in you the proud warrior spirit worthy
 of a man. If, however, fortune favors
 you with a chance of being under fire,
 as I am now, then there is all the
 more reason to observe the scene
 carefully for your future bene t.'"

A black eye indicates that the own-
 er looked for trouble and found it.

Indulgence in the reading habit.

the present tendency toward an over-
 public libraries are responsible for
 the great increase in the number of
 less and think more. Education and
 the reading public. They should read
 constitute by far the larger part of
 land, particularly among women, who
 amount of mental dyspepsia in the
 read too much. There is a vast
 their attention only to good books,
 sons, even among those who give
 libraries, Dr. Canfield, librarian of Co-
 in speaking of the danger from
 Thinks People Read Too Much.

The Man I Might Have Been
 —McLamburgh Wilson.

But in he any happier
 When all is counted in?

The story and the same.

He never with misfortune met;
 Men hail him with acclaim;
 He shows me all the good he makes.

If I had done the opposite
 The Man I Might Have Been.

I sometimes move a pipe with him
 When twilight shadows begin;

A Visitor.

fed on sufferers from the disease.

to the attack of mosquitoes which had

ly produce an attack of dengue in a

Graham found that he could regular-

and physical prostration, etc. Dr.

paralysis, insomnia, marked mental

ing various disagreeable sequelae—

eruptive fever, rarely fatal, but leav-

fever, etc. The disease is an acute

breakbone fever, Kikate fever, dandy

fever, variously called African fever,

against the mosquito, namely, dengue

another disease is to be set down

According to Dr. Graham, of Beltrac,

Disease Laid to Mosquitoes.

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